VICE IN HIGH PLACES.
Vice glares more strongly in the public eye as he who sins is high in place or possesses great power.

The First Installment of Mary MacLane's Latest Reflections Will Appear on This Page Tomorrow

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

THE REPLY OF SOCRATES.
When Socrates was asked to what country he belonged, he said that he was a citizen of the world.

Elizabeth Jordan Tells of Rise Of Fannie Hurst to Fame as Writer

"Last Stand" Against Failure Before the Gifted Short Story Writer, Whose Stories Now Are Being Taken by the Cosmopolitan Magazine at $1,800 Each, Arrived at Her First Glimpse of Success.

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

FANNIE HURST AS SHE IS TODAY.

III.

In two preceding articles I have described the early struggles of Fannie Hurst, today the most popular and the best-paid short story writer in America.

Five years ago she was an unknown worker in New York. This year she is writing exclusively for the Cosmopolitan Magazine, on a contract that gives her an income she never even dreamed of in those days. Some idea of this income may be gained from the fact that she receives from the Cosmopolitan $1,800 for every short story she writes.

When Miss Hurst was nineteen she came to New York. For an entire winter she studied the city and vainly bombarded its editors with her manuscripts. At the end of the winter her father came East and took her home.

Back to St. Louis With Broken Heart.

"We got back to St. Louis in the spring," said Miss Hurst. "The summer that followed is not a time I like to talk about. I was not an agreeable daughter to have around the house. My heart was broken and I didn't care who knew it.

"I said I would live on nothing. I was willing to live on nothing, to get back. I was willing to starve if I had to. But, nothwithstanding my complete failure, the winter before, I did not expect to starve. However, I came very near it," she ended, reflectively.

For the months that followed were Fannie Hurst's desperate "last stand" against failure, and she put up a magnificent fight.

She lived in the smallest, cheapest room she could find. She ate, when she ate at all, in the cheapest restaurants.

Day after day she sent out her manuscripts. Day after day they came back. The cost of postage became an item that troubled her dreams.

Occasionally she had a gleam of encouragement. Once she stood before a shop window and for an hour watched a toupee mechanically rise and fall on the head of a wax dummy. The proprietor's purpose, of course, was to show how the dummy head looked without the toupee, and, in contrast, the extreme beauty of the effect when it was adjusted.

Miss Hurst was inspired to write 600 words about that dummy. She sent the sketch to the New York Times editor, who accepted it and paid her $5.

"I thought all my troubles were over," said Miss Hurst, in recalling this incident, "so I wrote dozens and dozens of sketches and sent them to the Times. But the Times had had enough of me. It never took another article!"

Thirty Dollars That Meant Not Money But Life.

At last, when her outlook was blackest, she sold a story to one of the cheaper magazines, and received a check for $30 in payment.

Even now, when a check for $1,800 for a short story is merely a cheerful commonplace, Miss Hurst's eyes shine when she speaks of that check. It did not mean merely $30. It meant life. She had visions of getting $30 so often that she could begin to live, instead of merely existing.

"But that was the only story the magazine ever took," she said, "though I gave it dozens and dozens of chances to take more."

Then she met a helpful and inspiring editor. He gave her constructive criticism. Good though this was, it was difficult for Miss Hurst to profit by it. Theoretically, she is open to suggestions. Practically, it is almost impossible for her to change anything she has written.

However, this editor did more than suggest. He bought her stories—one, then another, half a dozen, perhaps, in all. Her prices soared to $60 for a story. Toward the end of her second winter in New York, her earnings averaged about $30 a month.

The First "Big Magazine" Swallows a Story.

Then the first "big magazine" began to nibble, hesitated, backed, and finally swallowed a story. Its editor came to see her.

"What was your idea of the price for this?" he asked, after they had chatted a while.

Miss Hurst's "idea" was $100. She tried to put the idea into words, but the words would not come. One hundred dollars for one of her stories! It seemed too audacious a thing to suggest.

"I will leave that to you," she said faintly.

"Then suppose we say $300," suggested the editor.

He misunderatood her stunned silence.

"Of course we expect to pay more than that for your next story," he added hurriedly.

Fannie Hurst's struggles were over. For she made good in her new field. Each of her stories was better than its predecessors. Her development was phenomenal. Everybody was talking about her work. All the magazines wanted her stories.

From $300 for a story her price rose within a year to $500 then to $800, to $1,000, to $1,200.

Two years ago a leading magazine made a year's contract with her on terms of $1,500 for every short story she wrote. At the end of the year she refused to renew this contract, on higher terms.

For the Cosmopolitan wanted her for three years, and that magazine gets what it wants. Up till January 1, 1920, Miss Hurst's short stories will be found exclusively in the Cosmopolitan There they will give a brilliantly satisfactory answer to the dazed inquiry of the average magazine reader: "How can a story be worth $1,800?"

If you don't believe it can, read "The Golden Fleece," in the July Cosmopolitan.

Holding a Man's Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When He Is Inclined to Wander the Discreet Wife Will Not Chide Him for It

"IT'S my whole life, I tell you. If he doesn't forgive me I'll never be able to bear it. It means everything in the world to me," sobbed Mabel.

She had wantonly abused the confidence of the man to whom she was engaged. She had gone to a dance with him and had, for the sake of a little attention—in order to flaunt a moment's popularity—neglected and belittled him. In the quarrel which followed Donald had made some demand to which she would not acquiesce, and now in utter desperation she was pleading with me to patch up the quarrel her own vanity had caused, lest "her life be ruined."

Most of us idly bring on the very tragedies which we afterward declare we cannot bear. Why not count the cost in advance? Of course, there is nothing particularly helpful in that question, or in the harsh old proverb about locking the stable door after the mare has been stolen, but all confidantes of human emotions long fervently now and then to shout out a plea or two that the people who wantonly tangle up and complicate their own lives shall take a few preventive measures before they come and plead for a miraculous untangling.

The difficulty of holding a man once you have got him, seems to be the prize puzzle in love's book. Well, it is very easy to lose a man's affection—it can be done in any one of a dozen ways; and that does not mean merely that men are fickle. It means, rather, that women refuse to learn from experience; that they decline to acquaint themselves with some of the basic generalities which underlie all masculine human nature.

Let us pass in review a few of the qualities inherent in all men from the banker to the butcher's boy. They are all grown up boys. They all retain a certain boyish shyness and reserve. They do not want to be shown off in public. They hate to have the other "boys" laugh at them. They like hunting butterflies and rare bird's eggs and fishing for speckled trout for the mere joy of the hunt.

Adventure is in their blood. So is the love of comfort. None of them has ever outgrown the fondness for the cookie jar—which means they like stolen sweets and that the good-things-to-eat end of the proposition appeals to them, too.

Back of the boyish bravado and timidity and desire for petting in private and fondness for strutting about like a conqueror in public, which every boy grown up to manhood possesses, there are also his mature qualities. The boy in man makes him unconsciously cruel; the truly manly makes him ready to be tender and sympathetic if his pity for all helpless things can be appealed to. Restlessness, love of change and the desire to follow strange gods walk hand in hand with sanity, cool reasoning, stern logic and an honest sense of justice.

Generations of men who took what they wanted because they were strong enough to get it, have handed down to their descendants a certain brutality and selfishness. Trained to fight and struggle, men have come to think that they like to fight and struggle. There are a few lazy brutes who thoroughly approve of the "everybody works but father" philosophy. For them pipe, slippers, a glass of beer and the product of mother's good cooking spell contentment. But no woman ever had to worry about that kind of a man. He isn't going to chase off after a pair of blue eyes and a glint of golden hair. There is no assurance that Lady Goldilocks is a good cook—and, besides, his philosophy has nothing to do with "chasing."

Part of the tragedy of the feminine struggle to hold your man, once you've caught him, is the fact that the sort you'd be glad to get rid of, seldom tries to run away. It is the virile, truly masculine, vital and aggressive male or the poetic, Don Juan of a dreamer who goes gallivanting after strange goddesses and has to be yanked back by the coat tails. And how to "yank him" is what woman longs to know.

First and foremost, oh my sisters, don't let him want to wander, but if you find that he does, encourage him!

Ponder that short paragraph—in it lies the wisdom of Cleopatra plus that of Sheba, Semiramis and even so wise a person as Aspasia.

When a man wants to go away from home for diversion, enjoyment, excitement and stimulation, much of the fault may be with the man. But some of the fault is with the home. Wise women know this—and meet the situation with a few preventive measures.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Go Back.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen, and until recently have been a stenographer, earning $18 per week.

I held a responsible position in the office of my cousin, a young married man, who has two children. He is the sort of man every girl likes. His wife is very unhappy.

After working in his office for two weeks I realized I loved him. He flirted with every girl in the place and tried to make love to me. So I left my position and tried to forget him. It is three months now since I have left him. I love him more than ever, and although I will try to forget him I know it is impossible. I know you will tell me not to go back, but my heart is breaking, Miss Fairfax. Only the thought of his wife has kept me away.

JUDITH.

MY dear, dear child, you did absolutely the right thing to leave your position and to try to forget this man. No matter whether you believe me or not just now, you will forget. When you say that his wife is unhappy you are more or less forecasting the fate of any woman who gives her love to a man of this type. Suffer a little bit now. Out of your very suffering you will gain strength and character. You have endured your grief for three months and I assure you the worst is over. You were brave enough to tear yourself away from danger and the possibility of wronging the man's wife, and yourself as well. Please, please, dear child, stick it out for three months more and see how much easier it will eb then. I promise you in a year this worthless flirt will mean very little to you and then you will thank God on your bended knees for giving you the strength to fight temptation.

Contrasts!

By Jane McLean.

ONE sat back on the cushioned seat
Of an up-to-date machine,
And over the head of a blue chow dog
Regarded the sea of green.
For Summer had come into Central Park
And set up her dwelling there,
And the girl of the rich with the blue chow dog
Was out for a breath of air.

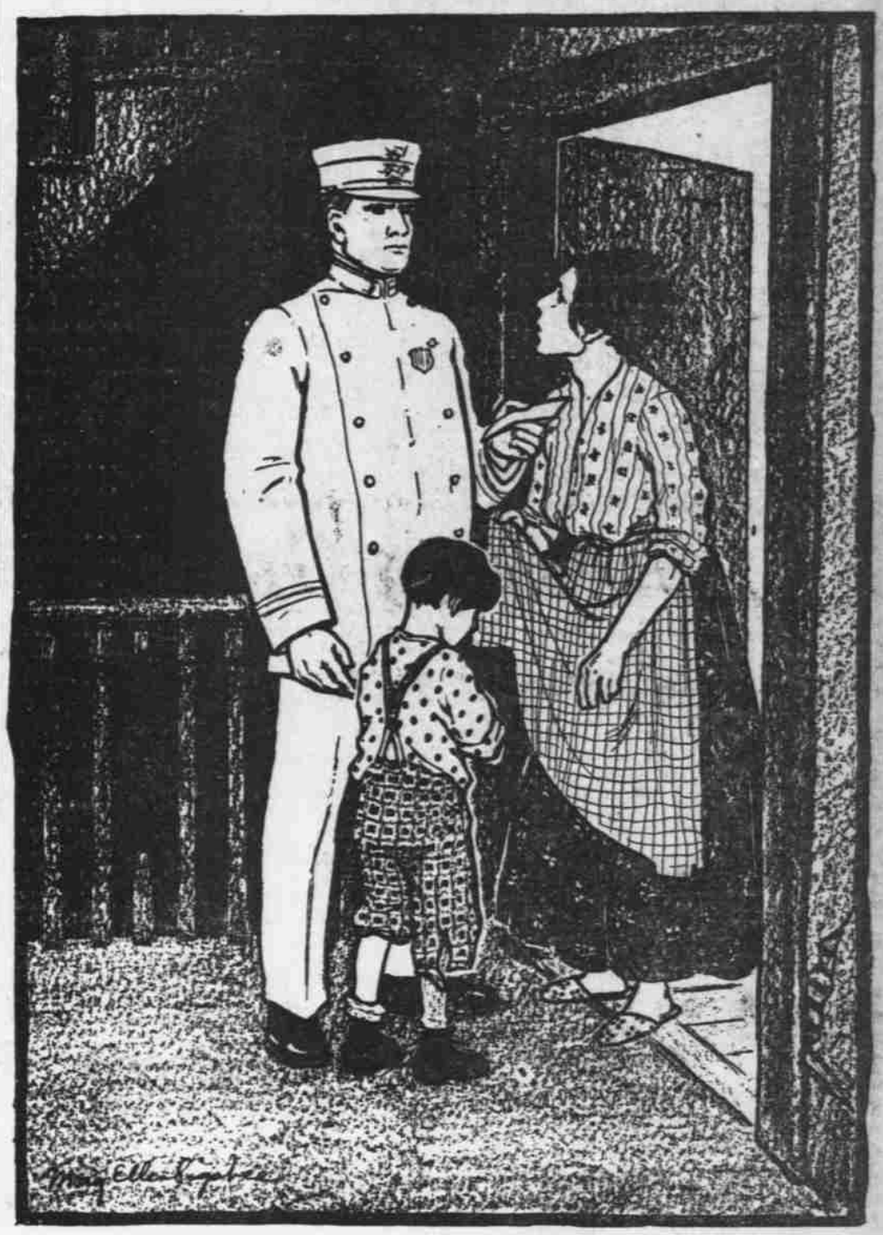
One sat up in a lumbering bus,
Ensconced in a corner seat,
And out of a pair of wide blue eyes
Regarded the restless street.
And up at the entrance to Central Park
A girl in a big machine
Glanced at the girl on the wind-swept bus
With a look that was quickly keen.

Each, with her life a world apart,
Envied the other in her heart.

The Old World Mother

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

She Faces a Grave Problem When She Lands Here a Stranger in a Strange Land



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

A STRANGER in a strange land and without the language of its people. This mother has a great problem—and it is one that is not recognized *as her problem* at all by the new world of which she is vainly trying to become a part. For however much Americans may desire to see the children of foreign born citizens grow into intelligent, useful citizenship, there is some one who has the matter even more vitally at heart—some one who can not express this great longing which she feels to see her children become a real part of this strange, new existence.

This mother came to this country full of hope and ambition and determined to learn, but she has not yet been able to. She is so alone. She needs a helping hand.

She is very proud of her children's American birth, and with the eyes of unselfish love watches them adapt themselves to a life which holds small place for her.

This woman's greatest difficulty lies in the fact that in her new home all the natural relationships between parent and children are completely reversed. She finds that because of her inability to understand and her isolation, these children must act as her only interpreters.

How can she council and guide this young American whose language she does not speak and whose outside life is consequently beyond her ken?

We are accustomed to think that we can "reach our immigrants only through their children." Might we not find a really effective ally in this work if we went a little farther and also extended a helping hand to our immigrant mothers?

Adopt a Little Child

By Wm. A. McKeever.
Of the University of Kansas.

THERE are now among us thousands of married couples in whose hearts there dwells an aching void because of the fact that no little ones have come to bless the home. There are many perfectly good and legitimate reasons why no infants are born in certain families. In many such instances these childless pairs are in all respects most worthy of assuming the responsibilities or parenthood.

Now, to all you lonesome, child-hungry souls I urge the adoption of a baby, and two babies if you can afford it. Usually foster parents become deeply attached to their wards and there develops that same tender feeling which characterizes blood relationship. Indeed, it is not so much the kinship as it is the intimacy which binds together the hearts of parent and child.

Bring a sweet little boy or girl into your household and there will enter into your life a flood of strange, new light. Bend your efforts devotedly, reverently to the tender solicitude necessary to keep the little bundle of mystery slowly unfolding into a human personality and you will thus acquire an exalted sense of your worth to the world.

Childless married people are prone to become just a bit selfish. They do not have enough daily sacrifice for others, enough unselfish anxiety, enough giving where no personal return of the favor is expected, enough exercise of love and patinet devotion. Now, nothing else will prove quite so successful in the development of these virtues within your own being as the daily care and responsibility of a helpless innocent child.

Every good life needs a frequent renowal, something to disturb for the time its equi-poise and to startle it with new vision of some possible achievement. How ofter are parents wont to testify "We never knew what it was to live until the children entered the home."

It was once believed that practically all the children to be found in orphanages were inherent weaklings, but we are now satisfied that such is not a true statement of the facts. It is a comparatively easy procedure to select a little one possesing full promise of all the good inherent qualities that belong to normal human nature. It is my belief that more than 75 per cent of the children who are abandoned or otherwise parentless, are as sound and substantial in their inherent qualities as those in the average home.

To all who wish to adopt a child, I recommend that two years is about the ideal age for the little one. It is suggested that a careful examination of the child should be made by a physician. Thus make assurance that there are no abnormalities or unusual defects. Do not look for perfection, as none really exists at this tender age. Do not attempt to trace the ancestry of the child very far, as that will very likely prove impossible. Be satisfied with what seems to be a good general average in size, weight and physical health of the child selected.

The first important step in dealing with the new infant member of the household is to secure reliable advice and direction for its physical care. Such a clear cut and valuable text as Dr. Holt's Care and Feeding of the Child" will answer ninety per cent. of the questions relative to the physical nurture of the baby. It will be an extreme pleasure to mark and keep account of the physical development alone.

But very soon you will discern that your little one is more than a mere physical being, that he is learning as well as growing. So it will be necessary to study the problems of mental development. Such interesting helps as "Study of Child Nature," by Elizabeth Harrison, and "Child Nature and Child Nurture" by Edward P. St. John, will lead you definitely in the right direction. Then, if you wish to go deeper into the problems of training, read "Youth," by G. Stanley Hall, and "Psychology of Child Development," by Irving King.

In the course of a few weeks the adopted child will become your true and most interesting teacher. You will find yourself strangely thinking your daily thoughts in relation to its conduct and growth, and your entire life will slowly become reorganized. Among other peculiar convictions that will come to you will be this: Whereas, you once thought that ease and comfort and freedom from responsibility were the goal of existence you will now feel certain that it is a far greater pleasure to be trusted and depended upon by an innocent child and to be called upon again and again to make sacrifices intended to contribute so vitally to the shaping of a new human career.

Scattered throughout this wide land there are thousands of little helpless human creatures who are lacking the love and tender devotion that should come from the heart of parenthood. Now you, my childless friends, are in a position to respond in at least one instance to this piteous plea of innocent babyhood. Do not let the sun go down upon your head until you have begun your quest for a suitable child to adopt into your home.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

By William F. Kirk.

"I HAVE came to the conclusion," declared the Manicure Lady, "that life ain't no joyride through space."

"That's some conclusion you have came to," agreed the Head Barber. "Life is a journey as full of jolts as a ride over a logging road. There ain't much syrup in the grub we get, either, which is tough on them that likes sweet stuff. The way I have got it doped out, the best system is to be all the time prepared for a kick in the shins, and then, if you don't happen to get the kick, you're on velvet. What's wrong?"

"Some of us girls has volunteered to join a woman's coast defense league," said the Manicure Lady, "and it would knock your eye out the questions we got asked. The way it looks to me, if a girl belongs to this here home defense league she has got to know how to cook, drive a auto, ride in a aeroplane, shoot a rifle, nurse a wounded gent, drive a six-mule team, run a typewriter and knit socks for soldiers.

"If she can do all them things she can hand in her name and have it passed on by some committees, and then if she ain't got no police record they will put her to work on trial. I had a lot of pep before I applied, George, but I'm kinda discouraged now."

"Don't worry," said the Head Barber. "You'll have work enough to do if this here jam gets going right. There is always a lot of red tape at the start of any big thing like this, but after awhile they find something for everybody to do. I know I'll have my share of it, and I ain't what anybody would call a handy man. You just keep your place in the line, kiddo, and you'll get called on soon enough."

"I hope so," said the Manicure Lady. "I want to do something grand that will live in history so the kids can read my name in them history books like we had in school. I used to read about Barbara Frietchie and that there maid in New Orleans, and I always had a kind of hunch that some day if I watched my step I would get a chance to put something over the plate for Uncle Sam. That's why I went and applied this morning, and maybe I'll get a job after awhile."

"I seen in one of the papers that everybody who kept right on doing his own work the best he knew how was serving his country in that way," said the Head Barber. "The first thing I done after I read that was to cut a customer's ear, so I was off to a bad start right at the post, but here I am, plugging away and doing my best at the only job I know much about."

"Maybe if you would take them two-case notes that you slip to the handbook man, and give them to the Red Cross instead," suggested the Manicure Lady, "you would be serving your country better than you think. A lot of people looks so high before serving their country that they don't watch their step and use common sense. I'm going to find some way to make myself one of them heroines if I can, because, goodness knows, this would be a grand time for a heroine to get on the job, but if that time don't come to me, I will do something, even if it's only talking for my flag."

"You could do that grand," said the Head Barber. "If words was bullets you would be some battery!"

INTERESTING STORIES

Numbness Through Cold.

The most remarkable effect of the cold which a member of one of the Antarctic expeditions noticed was the loss of sense and touch in the fingers. It was almost complete. "Suppose you wanted to look for a knife in your kit-bag," he said, "you would get it in your hand and not know. It was the same with everything we handled. We saw that we picked it up, and saw that we held the article; we could not feel that we had it." He added that it was not possible to shave because the skin became irritated and sore, while if the beard grew too long it attracted moisture and then froze into a block. The only thing to do was to keep beard and moustache clipped close.

Filial Criticism.

A popular clergyman was entertaining a couple of friends at dinner, and the guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before. The host's son was at the table, and one of the visitors said to him: "What did you think of your father's sermon?" "I think it was very good," said the boy, "but there were three fine places where he could have stopped."